

This London Shop Walker IS AFTER THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TUSKER

By MARK PRIESTLEY

GOD BLESS "THE PRINCE" (AT CHATHAM) Says RONALD RICHARDS

IT wasn't altogether unexpected, the amount of victuals lapped up by twelve men at the Prince of Wales, Chatham, because from the time Stoker Barlow told me there would be a party that night I knew the pace would be in keeping with local tradition.

What did surprise me, though, was the rapidity in gearing up from normal.

My photographer colleague, George Nixon, and I sat in the lounge and waited for the gentlemen to arrive. They came in one or two at a time, and we were introduced. They were all very polite and told me they liked "Good Morning."

We sat around in a circle and talked about nothing in particular. Then S.P.O. "Jordie" Armstrong told us about America; he told us about jail, transport, gamblers and women. He stepped us up into top gear, and pints went like the ticks of the clock.

Ten shillings from everyone present lasted no time at all, cigarettes went by the score, and still Jordie had the floor. He went on to relate a gem of a story about the dance hall at Dunoon; Sam Fitten, Spud Murphy and P.O. Buchan, of "Tribune," were bored, it seems, and decided the party needed livening up a little. They went to action stations; namely, the emergency fire hydrants, and to ensure that everyone present fully appreciated the game, they refused to turn off the taps until the water was several inches deep.

WE exhausted even Jordie's repertoire, and we started to sing. There was little or no appreciation shown from behind the bar, so at the suggestion of E.R.A. Hindly we moved.

Where to I don't know. The only clue I have is that in the public bar were two pictures of "Thrasher" crew.

The singing, led by Jordie and L./Stkr. Jakes, "the Cockney Scot," was, if slightly indelicate, highly appreciated by all. We sang "When Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," several blues, and a Lieutenant stopped the show with his rendering of "Salomi." A terrific effort, if I might say so. Sir.

As was to be expected, we started to dance. E.R.A. "Jock" Ballantyne, though, with his cultivated tap, soon had the floor to himself.



They made the party. Betty and Joyce —Hostesses

I was a trifle disappointed; word of an interview or ask-L./Stoker John Graves, "Lou Costello," was quite subdued, and contented himself with for an interview; unless, of course, it is necessary to make sure of statistics or such like. For the average interview you will see the reporter with his right hand in his pocket, jotting down a word here and there that will later take him back to that line of thought. Writing shorthand that way is easy after some practice, and the interviewee is saved undue embarrassment, and will often talk more if he thinks only passing attention is being paid. Filmdom, of course, is just too fantastic. True, newspaper offices are very free-and-easy, and whisky has been drunk all day in some offices. But in all offices gulps are punctuated by a few taps on the typewriter. In Hollywood's newspaper office the entire staff sits around doing just nothing. Sheer bunk!

Newspaper offices are furiously busy, but the key-word is work. There are few idlers who can sit with feet on desk all day. The "firing" on the spot is a common practice; "scoops" are less frequent.

P.S.—Joyce Williams, of the Prince of Wales, sends her love to you all.

THANKS, Enid Bag-nold. Thanks a million for being the first playwright to portray a newspaper reporter as anything but a crazy, unintelligent loon.

In "Lottie Dundass," at Cambridge Theatre, there is a journalist who bears some resemblance to a journalist; he neither carries a notebook, nor does he chew gum incessantly; he has a shrewd idea of people and their vanities.

Naturally, journalists get the biggest laugh out of most playwrights' fantastic journalistic characters, but, unfortunately, when sane men and women from the papers go on a story they are considered to be incompetent by interviewees if they lack these stage characteristics, and that makes things difficult sometimes.

Shaw has done it several times, so have lesser writers; they show the reporter ponderously scribbling down every

WHEN I strolled into Jack Monk's studio the other day I found him shaking like a leaf. He whimpered, "Get me a drink, I'm all in. I've been working on Buck Ryan all day, and it's got me so worked up I've nearly got him killed."

"Never mind," I humoured him. "Go and get Jane to hold off his pursuers."

"I'm going to hunt the largest elephant in Africa," said Samuel Lernham.

Carrying his umbrella and his attache case, his bowler hat set hurriedly on his head, and his striped trousers neatly brushed, Sam Lernham probably looked as ordinary as any other business man.

The fact remains that he set out to hunt the largest elephant in Africa that very day—and is still hunting it.

At the London store where Lernham was employed as a shopwalker, fellow-members of the staff looked in vain for his usual punctual appearance at ten minutes to nine.

For fifteen years Lernham had been regularly clocking-in at that hour. Then he happened one night to attend a lecture given by a big-game hunter. When Lernham walked out into the street, his blood tingling with the thrills he had heard described, he made the decision that changed his life.

He gave himself a week before venturing out on a life of adventure. His life insurance, he found, was worth £150. He cashed it and bought a ticket on a tramp steamer that sailed for the West African coast within seven days.

When the day came, Lernham took his usual morning train, but walked right past the store where he usually spent his next eight hours. Writing to his wife in a Post Office and telling her where to find £100 of the insurance money, he went to the docks.

Two months later he leaned on the rails of the little trading steamer and gaped down at a strand of golden sand, fringed with palm trees.

"Any elephants in these parts?" he asked a local trader who came aboard.

"Not that I've heard of—"

Sam Lernham sailed on from port to port, working his passage in order to save the fare. The wizened, pale little man of the London store gradually became sun-bronzed and wiry.

But malaria laid him low, and when he regained his senses he found himself sharing a little trading station with a Dutchman! The other was a doctor as well as a dealer in whatever junk he could lay his hands on, and had nursed him back to health.

Lernham reorganised the trading post on the lines of a West End store. He still had



Here, you see his ambition

his bowler hat, and found that it impressed the natives. By wearing it, he could buy goods more cheaply and sell them at higher prices.

In fact, it was this bowler hat, relic of a life he now despised, that really set him on the road to prosperity.

Every time strangers passed that way he asked them if they had any news of elephant hunting. He learned to shoot, and soon had as good a knowledge of elephants as any man in Africa.

He heard of an enormous elephant that was doing great damage to farms in Tanganyika. Post haste he went north. Eye-witnesses declared that the beast had the greatest tusks and stood higher than any elephant they had ever seen.

Lernham was certain that in "King Ivory," as the elephant was called, he had found the giant elephant of his dreams, and he lost no time in organising a native hunt. Sixty men were employed to round up the elephant. But the round-up

ended with the elephant stampeding towards his would-be captors and getting past them, leaving six mangled bodies lying in the bush.

King Ivory vanished from the district as suddenly as he had appeared. News of him next came from over fifty miles away.

As the elephant and its herd wandered on to further fields, Lernham still followed. The great beast everlastingly eluded him, though Lernham bagged a good many smaller beasts and has built up a handsome fortune from their ivory.

In the fifteen years since then Lernham has heard stories of many elephants supposedly larger than his quarry. Having seen "King Ivory" once, he disbelieves them.

Lernham is now one of the greatest ivory traders on the continent, but he spends his life hunting for a single elephant. When King Ivory and he meet again, he declares, he will return to a cottage in England and spend his old age comfortably upon the fortune of the monster tusks.

Where there are Zebras—You find Tuskers



Ten people owe me pints, as you can see from the picture herewith. I made the grade, and am proud to have got there before you. A thing I know to be so!

"ALL OUR SUBJECTS MURDERED"

The Tale of The Body-snatcher

By R. L. Stevenson

BY a dozen unquestionable marks Fettes identified the girl he had jested with the day before. He saw, with horror, marks upon her body that might well betoken violence. A panic seized him, and he took refuge in his room.

There he reflected at length over the discovery that he had made; considered soberly the bearing of Mr. K's instructions and the danger to himself of interference in so serious a business, and at last, in sore perplexity, determined to wait for the advice of his immediate superior, the class assistant.

This was a young doctor, Wolfe Macfarlane, a high favourite among all the reckless students, clever, dissipated, and unscrupulous to the last degree. He had travelled and studied abroad. His manners were agreeable and a little forward. He was an authority on the stage, skilful on the ice or the links with skate or golf-club; he dressed with nice audacity, and, to put the finishing touch upon his glory, he kept a gig and a strong trotting-horse.

With Fettes he was on terms of intimacy; indeed, their relative positions called for some community of life; and when "subjects" were scarce the pair would drive far into the country in Macfarlane's gig, visit and desecrate some lonely graveyard, and return before dawn with their booty to the door of the dissecting-room.

On that particular morning Macfarlane arrived somewhat earlier than his wont. Fettes heard him, and met him on the stairs, told him his story, and showed him the cause of his alarm. Macfarlane examined the marks on her body.

"Yes," he said with a nod, "it looks fishy."

"Well, what should I do?" asked Fettes.

"Do?" repeated the other. "Do you want to do anything? Least said, soonest mended, I should say."

"Someone else might recognise her," objected Fettes. "She was as well known as the Castle Rock."

"We'll hope not," said Macfarlane, "and if anybody does—well, you didn't, don't you see, and there's an end. The fact is, this has been going on too long. Stir up the mud, and you'll get K. into the most unholiest trouble; you'll be in a shocking box yourself. So will I, if you come to that. I should like to know how any one of us would look, or what the devil we should have to say for ourselves, in any Christian witness-box. For me, you know, there's one thing certain—that, practically speaking, all our subjects have been murdered."

"Macfarlane!" cried Fettes. "Come now!" sneered the

other. "As if you hadn't suspected it yourself!"

"Suspecting is one thing—"

"And proof another. Yes, I know; and I'm as sorry as you are this should have come here," tapping the body with his cane. "The next best thing for me is not to recognise it; and," he added colly, "I don't. You may, if you please. I don't dictate, but I think a man of the world would do as I do; and, I may add, I fancy that is what K. would look for at our hands. The question is, Why did he choose us two for his assistants? And I answer, because he didn't want old wives."

This was the tone of all others to affect the mind of a lad like Fettes. He agreed to imitate Macfarlane. The body of the unfortunate girl was duly dissected, and no one remarked or appeared to recognise her.

One afternoon, when his day's work was over, Fettes dropped into a popular tavern and found Macfarlane sitting with a stranger. This was a small man, very pale and dark, with coal-black eyes. The cut of his features gave a promise of intellect and refinement which was but feebly realised in his manners, for he proved, upon a nearer acquaintance, coarse, vulgar and stupid. He exercised, however, a very remarkable control over Macfarlane; issued orders, became inflamed at the least discussion or delay, and commented rudely on the servility with which he was obeyed.

This most offensive person took a fancy to Fettes on the spot, plied him with drinks, and honoured him with unusual confidences on his past career. If a tenth part of what he confessed were true, he was a very loathsome rogue; and the lad's vanity was tickled by the attention of so experienced a man.

"I'm a pretty bad fellow myself," the stranger remarked, "but Macfarlane is the boy—Toddy Macfarlane I call him. Toddy, order your friend another glass." Or it might be, "Toddy, you jump up and shut the door."

"Toddy hates me," he said again. "Oh, yes, Toddy, you do!"

"Don't you call me that confounded name," growled Macfarlane.

"Hear him! Did you ever see the lads play knife? He would like to do that all over my body," remarked the stranger.

"We medicals have a better way than that," said Fettes. "When we dislike a dead friend of ours, we dissect him."

Macfarlane looked up sharply, as though this jest were scarcely to his mind.

The afternoon passed. Gray, for that was the stranger's name, invited Fettes to join them at dinner, ordered a feast so sumptuous that the tavern was thrown into commotion, and when all was done, com-

mended Macfarlane to settle the bill. It was late before they separated; the man Gray was incapably drunk. Macfarlane, sobered by his fury, chewed the cud of the money he had been forced to squander and the slights he had been obliged to swallow. Fettes, with various liquors singing in his head, returned home with devious footsteps and a mind entirely in abeyance.

Next day Macfarlane was absent from the class, and Fettes smiled to himself as he imagined him still squiring the intolerable Gray from tavern to tavern. As soon as the hour of liberty had struck, he posted from place to place in quest of his last night's companions. He could find them, however, nowhere; so returned early to his rooms, went early to bed, and slept the sleep of the just.

At four in the morning he was awakened by the well-known signal. Descending to the door, he was filled with astonishment to find Macfarlane with his gig, and in the gig one of those long and ghastly packages with which he was so well acquainted.

"What?" he cried. "Have you been out alone? How did you manage?"

But Macfarlane silenced him roughly, bidding him turn to business. When they had got the body upstairs and laid it on the table, Macfarlane made at first as if he were going away. Then he paused and seemed to hesitate. And then, "You had better look at the face," said he, in tones of some constraint. "You had better," he repeated, as Fettes only stared at him in wonder.

"But where, and how, and when did you come by it?" cried the other.

"Look at the face," was the only answer.

Fettes was staggered; strange doubts assailed him. He looked from the young doctor to the body, and then back again. At last, with a start, he did as he was bidden. He had almost expected the sight that met his eyes, and yet the shock was cruel.

To see, fixed in the rigidity of death and naked on that coarse layer of sackcloth, the man whom he had left well clad and full of meat and sin upon the threshold of a tavern, awoke, even in the thoughtless Fettes, some of the terrors of the conscience.

Unprepared for a challenge so momentous, he knew not how to look his comrade in the face. He durst not meet his eye, and he had neither words nor voice at his command.

It was Macfarlane himself who made the first advance. He came up quietly behind and laid his hand gently but firmly on the other's shoulder.

"Richardson," said he, "may have the head."

Now, Richardson was a student who had long been anxious for that portion of the human subject to dissect. There was no answer, and the mur-

derer resumed: "Talking of business, you must pay me. Your accounts, you see, must tally."

Fettes found a voice, the ghost of his own. "Pay you!" he cried. "Pay you for that?"

"Why, yes, of course you must. By all means and on every possible account you must," returned the other. "I dare not give it for nothing; you dare not take it for nothing; it would compromise us both. This is another case like Jane Galbraith's. The more things are wrong, the more we must act as if all were right. Where does old K. keep his money?"

"There," answered Fettes hoarsely, pointing to a cupboard in the corner.

"Give me the key, then," said the other calmly, holding out his hand.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—144

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after I, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of NOT CIDER, to make a West Country town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SALT into JUNK, BULL into BUSH, RUBY into LIPS, FLAT into TYRE.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CONSOLATION?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 143

- EDITED.
- HUNTINGDONSHIRE.
- SCARE, SPARE, SPARS, SPATS, SLATS, SLAPS, CLAPS, CLASS, GLASS, GLOSS, GROSS, CROSS, CROWS.
- OVER, AVER, APER, APED, SPED, SEED, SEES, TEES, TIES, TINS, TIME, TIME.
- BLEAK, BREAK, BREAD, TREAD, TRED, TREES, TRESS, CRESS, CRASS, BRASS, BRATS, BOATS, BOUTS, ROUTS, ROUTE, ROUSE, HOUSE.
- BEER, BEES, BETS, BATS, CATS, CANS.
- Tine, Tier, Rite, Tire, Tore, Rote, Coil, Rice, Colt, Holt, Then, Coot, Tool, Root, Tour, Unit, Chin, Coin, Loot, Tune, Inch, Loin, Lion, Cent, Hour, Celt, etc.
- Niche, Chine, Colon, Chore, Choir, Thine, Tonic, Conic, Their, Croon, Crone, Nitre, Trine, Hour, Trice, Litre, Lithe, etc.

Solution to Word Ladder Puzzle in No. 188.—SILK, sill, pill, poll, pool, WOOL, BUMP, bums, buns, bunt, bent, DENT.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 188: A Dart.

QUIZ for today

- Intarsia is an African animal, a musical composition, inlaid woodwork, a stinging insect, a university distinction?
- Who wrote (a) "Poet and Peasant," (b) "The Poet at the Breakfast Table"?
- Which of the following are mentioned in the Bible: Saucepan, Colander, Frying-pan, Grill, Kettle?
- In what song does "Some day I'll wish upon a star" occur?
- Who is the present Prime Minister of New Zealand?
- Who fetched the Golden Fleece?
- Which of the following are misspelt? — Cellular, murrain, palatable, synopsis, ramefication.
- Who was the girl in the film, "One Hundred Men and a Girl"?
- Which is more northerly, London, England, or London, Ontario?
- Who founded the U.S.S.R.?
- Twelfth Night falls on January 3rd, January 6th, January 9th, January 12th, January 15th?
- Complete the phrases: (a) Sun, —, and —. (b) Hop, —, and —.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the names of these ALLIED PORTS from the following clues to its letters.

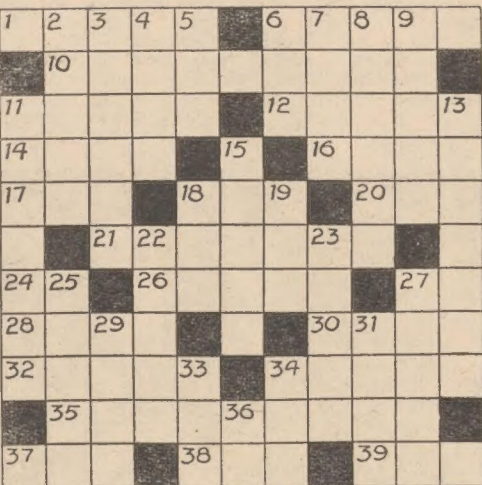
- My first is in ROOFING, not in SLATE.
My second's in FIREPLACE, not in GRATE.
My third is in BASIN, not in PLATE.
My fourth is in KITCHEN, not in STAIRS.
My fifth is in MANGLE, not in CHAIRS.
My sixth is in HEARTHTRUG, not in FLOOR.
My seventh's in PANEL, not in DOOR.
My next is in GUTTERS, not in GABLES.
My ninth is in WINDOWS, not in TABLES.

(Answer on Page 3)

Answers to Quiz in No. 188

- Speaker of many languages.
- (a) Virginia Woolf, (b) E. M. Forster.
- Deal is a softwood the others are hardwoods.
- St. Giles.
- Mr. J. Curtin.
- Saturday.
- Chassis, Dulcimer.
- A wild duck.
- Joshua.
- "A stitch in time."
- October 31.
- (a) Call, (b) Carry one.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Set at intervals.
- Glad.
- Contrary to rule.
- Clique.
- Bell-shaped flower.
- Perpetrated.
- Small coin.
- Purpose.
- Drink.
- Hermite.
- Supposing.
- Shelf.
- Pennsylvania in brief.
- Old tale.
- Soft sheepskin.
- Hackneyed.
- Examine accounts.
- Ministers.
- Letter.
- Eggs.
- Swelling.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

JOB STOPPER
ERUPT FOLD
TIGER FLAGS
GLAIR LIEU
ON BEGIN FI
U MUSIC CUE
CHAT DOVER
HOOTS TENOR
AREA EXTRA
GRIDDLE SEW

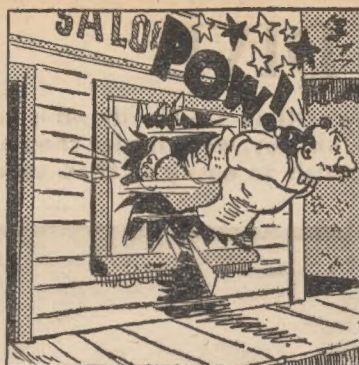
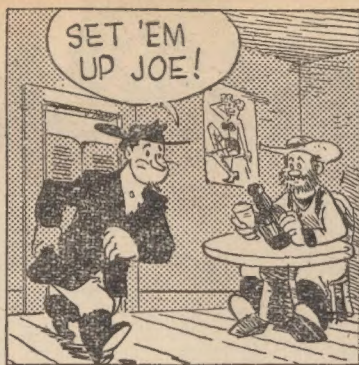
CLUES DOWN.

- Musical instrument.
- Bower.
- Herring measure.
- Fish.
- Rough house.
- Mineral salt.
- Taste.
- Self-importance.
- Quibbler.
- Countryman.
- Girl's name.
- Court service.
- Colloquial fool.
- Make exultant.
- Lymph.
- Amusing show.
- Colour.
- Tinge with gold.
- Poems.
- Make mistakes.
- Always.
- Turn.

JANE



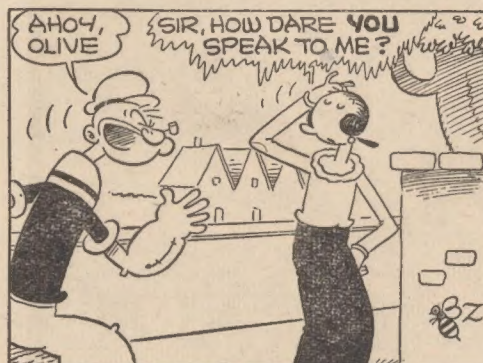
BEELZEBUB JONES



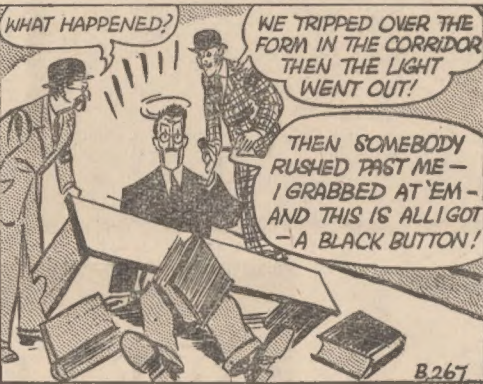
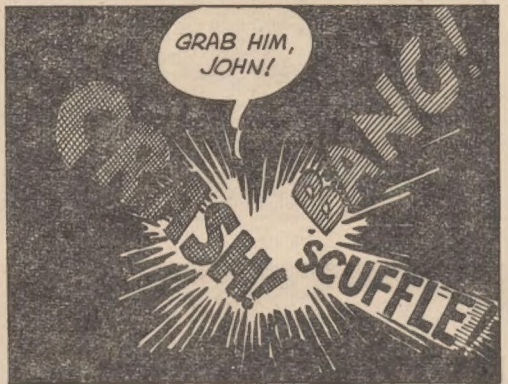
BELINDA



POPEYE



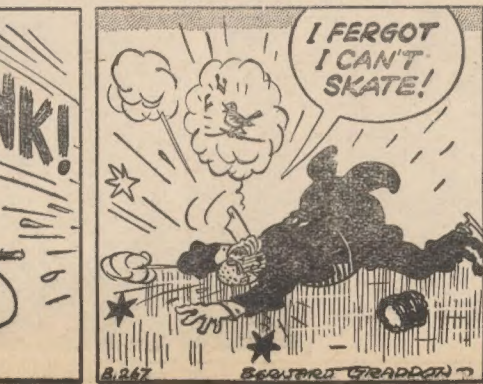
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A GOLD MOUNTAIN

ROLLING, tumbling, slipping down a sheer wall of ice, Jan Welzl was brought up short by jagged fragments of broken rock.

He looked about him, and rubbed his eyes in disbelief, for he was lying on a bed of solid gold.

Jan laughed outright. He imagined that he had a fortune within his grasp.

Jan was a hard-bitten old pioneer, most experienced of all the lonesome men who live within the Arctic Circle. He had a reputation for the Midas touch. Wherever he went he made money, whether selling food and drink to gold rush prospectors, or storing the mummies of ancient chieftains in ice, waiting for scientists to come along and pay high prices.

Jan knew all the tricks. But this is the story of Jan Welzl's big mistake.

THE GOLD HILL.

Filling his pockets with chips of the virgin gold, he thanked his stars that for once he had not controlled his dog-team, but had allowed them to wander as they willed.

He was returning from a trading post, but he had slept—and when he woke up it was to find the dogs had dragged the sledge completely off its course into the ice-bound hills.

He had turned to race back over the marks of his tracks, but ran into a blizzard, which forced him to camp; and when he was once more able to start it was to discover all tracks were blotted out.

Later he started on his homeward run, stopping now and then to memorise the scenery.

Arrived at the cave he used as his headquarters in the area, he snatched a few hours' sleep and then set out for his hill of gold again.

HIDDEN BY SNOW.

Now came the snag. Again a snowfall had hidden the track. Uncertainly he scanned peak after peak, rise after rise.

He gave his dogs free rein. A dozen times in the following few weeks he thought he had found the look-out hill where he had slipped and lain down on a fortune. But he never found it.

Under the snow, somewhere in New Siberia, the lost mine still awaits a finder. After four years' almost continual searching Jan abandoned the task and returned to the lucrative profit of trading.

It is all strange—but true! Jan is now chief magistrate of New Siberia, and visited Britain some years ago. He wrote a book about his life in the North and told of this remarkable adventure.

PETER DAVIS

AND—GOLD BRICKS

IT was Mark Twain who defined a mine as: "A hole in the ground owned by a damned liar."

Many persons will agree with him; especially thousands of so-called investors who have been tricked by unscrupulous mining promoters.

Mining is undoubtedly the most hazardous of all investments. There are dishonest promoters and dishonest geologists who make fortunes out of credulous people, and have never been prosecuted.

Old, abandoned mines with worthless empty buildings make good pictures in the coloured prospectus. Vast columns of figures and statistics show the former yield of the mine, and suggest such possibilities that the gullible investor loses his head and his money.

"Salting" is a trick practised by swindling promoters. A shotgun shell is emptied of its shot and gold is placed in it instead. This is fired into the rock from a short distance; thus the "gold-mine" is made with little expense.

This trick has already founded many fortunes—not the investors', of course; invented by the notorious Harry Toskell, it can be detected by an expert only.

There are thousands of other ingenious ways of getting slick money these days, apart from swindling.

SHE SCREAMED TOO SOON.

What would you do if an attractive girl to whom you gave a lift in your car, told you: "Pay me ten pounds, or I'll tear off my clothes and scream for help?"

A successful actor I know just stopped the car and said, "You are having bad luck this time. I am a police officer. . . ." The woman got out hurriedly and disappeared.

She was arrested a few weeks later in a Northern city. It was revealed that dozens of men had paid to avoid a scandal.

If you receive two free tickets from an unknown source to a West End theatre, don't forget to ask the police to watch the house if you go to the show.

My neighbour enjoyed a show last winter very much. Three men were arrested when attempting to enter the house after he left. They arrived with a van to remove the furniture. . . .

Lucky winners in an obscure contest some time ago accepted a free deed for a plot of land. There were only a few pounds for expenses to pay. They paid willingly, but were quite disappointed when they couldn't find "their" plot—for the simple reason it didn't exist.

ALEC DENYS

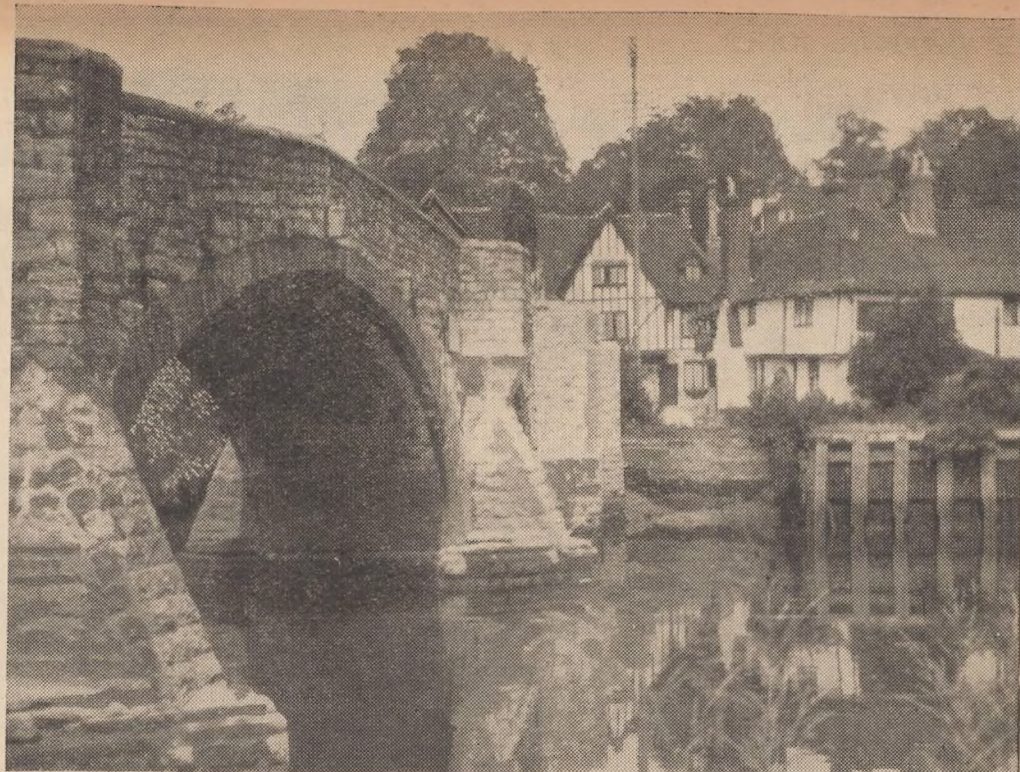
Solution to Allied Ports.
FISHGUARD.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

DIVE—DIVE—DIVE

Looks as though Olivia De Havilland is submerging. Boy, oh, boy, we can't let the Paramount star vanish as easily as that, surely.



This England The ancient six-arch stone bridge at Alesford, Kent. This is the only bridge across the Medway between Rochester and Maidstone.



GETTING ON HIS HIND LEGS



"Well, this sure is dandy. An ex-manicurist and hairdresser to attend to me. Am I grateful for the Land Army, or am I?"

OPEN UP, YOU CAN'T KID ME



And wouldn't you, if you were constantly annoyed by a cheeky young puppy?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I don't drink milk, sister."

